



A New Song on the
Jovial S A I L O R.

HOW little do the landmen
 know
 of what we sailors feel,

When waves do mount, & winds
 do blow ;
 but we have hearts of steel.

No danger can affright us,
 no enemy shall flout,

We'll make the Monsieurs right us
 so tos the can about.

Stick stout to order, Mess-mates,
 we'll plunder, burn, and sink,

Then France, have at your first
 rates,
 for Britons never shrink.

We'll rumage all we fancy ;
 we'll bring them in by scores,

And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 shall roll in Louis d'Ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
 with our noble commodore,

We'll spend our wages freely boys,
 and then to sea for more.

In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
 in war we'll never fly :

Here's a health to George our
 King, boys,

and the royal family.